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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.
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A heart-broken lad who has been courting a lady fair most lavishly and persistently for four months only to learn suddenly that she is to marry another fellow next week writes in to inquire as to what has become of the old-fashioned girl who wore her engagement ring. Cheer up, boy, there may be much better fish in the sea and many of them.

Considering the number of cabinet crises she has had, and another one is impending, Great Britain has done remarkably well in the great European war. The nation whose affairs are entrusted to the mercy of politicians is sorely handicapped, indeed, in many ways and especially when a big test comes. The only rule the average politician knows and follows is to look out for his own interests first, last and all the time.

A special term of the school of musketry of the United States army for instruction in the use of the machine gun, which will begin its sessions at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on August 20, will undoubtedly help some. But what the United States army appears to need more is an adequate equipment of machine guns.

Even in far-away British China the cost of living, or the prices of the ordinary food products, has increased a full 25 per cent on account of the European war. And the question is as to whether or not the food prices the world over that have been so increased by the struggle in Europe will drop to their former levels after the war is over. Probably not, or at least for some time to come.

Will some Virgil arise after the European war is over to sing adequately of the arms and the heroes of France? Probably not. The task would approach the impossible.

Neither has the spider anything on the persistency of the woman suffrage leaders in their efforts to smoke out President Wilson on his stand on the Susan B. Anthony constitutional amendment, the one that would extend national suffrage to women.

It behooves the professors and the professors of the University of Chicago to look well to their laurels. One of the latter species of the Ohio State university, and a young woman, too, or at any rate she is a Miss, is out with the dictum that baldness is inherited, and usually from the father. Poor, old Dad! If the European war hadn't come along as a convenient vehicle on which to place all kinds of blame, father would have probably broken under the blame strain a year ago. He surely couldn't have carried all of the blame that's been attributed to the European war. And where else would it have been placed had the war not put in an appearance, except on his shoulders.

RULES FOR EATING TO LIVE.
In August Nautilus, Edward B. Warman, A. M., presents a few general suggestions for those who desire health, as follows:

No one can have health who eats too much.
No one can have health who eats too many kinds of food at the same meal.
No one can have health who eats when tired, hurried, worried, anxious or excited.
No one can have health who rises late, gulps down a hearty breakfast and then sprints for the car.
When you have eaten do not wonder if it will agree with you. When you begin to wonder, trouble begins. Say good-bye to it not expecting to

hear from it again. If you fear it, do not eat it; if you eat it, do not fear it. Be cheerful at your meals. A sour countenance will give you a sour stomach.
Praise your wife's cooking—if you can, conscientiously.
If you go home with a grouch, leave it out of doors where the dog will get it—then shoot the dog.
The majority of people do not know how to live until they are ready to die, and then they are not ready to die, because they have not rightly lived.

THE RURAL-SCHOOL TERM.

The first problem in the program of the federal bureau of education in its nation-wide campaign for better rural schools is that of a longer school term, states J. L. McBrien, school extension agent of the bureau, in the first of a series of talks on this subject.

"A school term of not less than 160 days for each child" is the minimum term, according to Doctor Claxton, United States commissioner of education, which all states with a shorter term should strive to reach.

The latest data available concerning the length of term for urban schools and for rural schools separately give the average number of days school was in session during the year for urban schools, 184.3, and for rural schools, 137.7.

"For the United States as a whole the urban schools are in session 46.6 days longer each year than the rural schools," says A. C. Monahan, the United States educational bureau's specialist in rural school administration.

In Rhode Island and Connecticut, the difference between the urban and rural school term is 3.8 days, while in South Carolina it is 38.5 days.

The average number of days in the rural school term in the several states ranges from 90 in New Mexico to 190 in Rhode Island.

Four states—New Mexico, North and South Carolina and Arkansas—each had in 1910 a rural school term of less than 100 days, while Florida had a rural term of exactly 100 days. "But," declares Mr. Monahan, "these averages do not tell the whole story. There is much variation above and below the average, there are many school districts and even many counties, where the term for the past year was not over sixty days."

From the reports of the school year ending June 30, 1915, there were 15 rural school districts in Arkansas that held no school that year; 8 school districts in that state with only one month of school; 60 school districts with only two months of schools, and 677 school districts with only three months of school.

And yet a great majority of the town and city schools in Arkansas have a school term of eight or nine months.

That there are equally deplorable conditions in the rural schools of other states is a fact to which attention will be directed in due time. And this discrimination against the farm boy and the farm girl in free school privileges is neither just nor wise.

Happily, this criticism does not apply as severely to Kansas as to other states, as the rural school term here is a trifle above the average rural term for the whole country, 137.7 days. The educational laws of Kansas explicitly provide for a rural school term throughout the entire state of not less than seven months, which with twenty school days to the month makes the minimum rural school term in Kansas one of 140 days. And some of the rural schools in Kansas have eight months' sessions.

But, of course, there is room for improvement in Kansas in this important particular and the utmost energy and diligence should be used in bringing it about.

OUR SHIPS AND SOME OTHERS.
Again we boast, says the North American Review, and it continues: The battleship Pennsylvania has been put into commission. It is the most powerful fighting machine in our navy. That, however, is not enough to say of it. We are assured, with ingenuous and persistent iteration, that it is the most powerful in the world.

True, there are others of far greater horsepower; but the Pennsylvania is the most powerful, there are others of far greater speed; but the Pennsylvania is the most powerful. There are others which carry heavier guns; but the Pennsylvania is the most powerful. There are several which surpass the Pennsylvania in all three of these respects; but the Pennsylvania is the most powerful. We hope that it is true.

The Pennsylvania is undoubtedly a magnificent ship. We wish there were two dozen like it in the navy. But to the mere landlubber there does seem reason to ask for further proof than mere "may so" of its superiority over the several vessels of the Queen Elizabeth class. It is admitted that the Pennsylvania's guns are of only four-inch caliber, against the Queen Elizabeth's fifteen, but it is insisted that the former are of as great range and as effective as the latter. That may be, but if so it is very surprising and puzzling to the layman. If a fourteen-inch gun is as effective as a fifteen, then is a thirteen as good as a fourteen, and a twelve as good as a thirteen, and so on down the scale?

If so, we shall presently find our Euclid's axioms, that a two-inch gun is as effective as one of fifteen inches.

A similar line of argument applies to the matter of speed. The 31,500 horse-power of the Pennsylvania drives its 31,400 tons at the rate of twenty-one knots, while the 58,000 horse-power of the Queen Elizabeth drives its 27,500 tons at the rate of twenty-five knots. We are told, it is true, that speed is not the prime consideration. Perhaps not. But it is an important consideration, and other things being equal, it is a decisive consideration. Superiority of even a single knot would mark one vessel as superior to another if they were equal in all other respects. Superiority of four knots is far too wide a margin to be overlooked.

It is boasted that the Pennsylvania has oil-burning engines, which increase her radius of action 40 per cent for the same weight of fuel over coal-burning vessels. That may be quite true. But we must remember that the Queen Elizabeth and all the six vessels of its type also have oil-burning engines, so that we can claim nothing better than equality with them in that respect. It is said, too, that the Pennsylvania is the most heavily protected ship in the world, with an armor belt 13½ inches thick. But the Queen Elizabeth and more than a dozen other British ships also have 13½ inch armor, so that in that particular, also, our best claim is nothing more than equality. The Pennsylvania is not "the most heavily protected," but merely one of the most heavily.

So in the last analysis this is the statement of the case: The two ships are equal in defensive armor, and in steaming radius. But the British ship steams twenty-five knots to the American's twenty-one, and throws a main broadside of 17,600 pounds in 15-inch projectiles to our 16,800 pounds in 14-inch projectiles. How the Pennsylvania can be the more formidable, with 4.76 per cent inferiority in weight of broadside and 13 per cent inferiority in speed, is "one of those things no fellow can find out," at least without a more lucid and convincing demonstration than has yet been given.

Looking glasses should not be very popular with some folk.
A bachelor labors under the disadvantage of being no one on which to blame things.
To stand a major surgical operation a person must also be in a strong financial condition.
It is better never to have had them at all than to possess desirable things and have to give them up.
The difference between what a man actually needs and what he thinks he needs is great, and with a woman it's greater.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

The Reform Discouraged.
While a certain Gaylord young man slumbered the other night he had a most wonderful dream. The British ship steamed twenty-five knots to the American's twenty-one, and throws a main broadside of 17,600 pounds in 15-inch projectiles to our 16,800 pounds in 14-inch projectiles. How the Pennsylvania can be the more formidable, with 4.76 per cent inferiority in weight of broadside and 13 per cent inferiority in speed, is "one of those things no fellow can find out," at least without a more lucid and convincing demonstration than has yet been given.

Have you ever noticed how the ice-box door hangs open and the hot air from the outside is just eating up your good ice that you have paid for in taxidermy? We have an opinion upon this subject. We believe that the ice trust holds stock in the refrigerator factories and that every icebox is so made that at least one door will hang open.

An up-to-date paper announces, "Premier performance of Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare." The paper is a fine one, but the performance is that the author will probably not be able to be present.

One way to make a sleeping porch comfortable in summer is to hire a carpenter and have it enclosed and lathed and plastered just like the rest of the house. If you can't run the furnace pipe up to the sleeping room, you can heat it with a small oil stove.

The Answer.
After the war is over, is it all over? After the cause of the carnage—History will answer you, WHAT?
After rebuilding the cities—Levelled by cannon and shot; Ask for the reason they did it—History will answer you, WHAT?
After all things are forgotten, Whether they come to you; Down through the ages to come yet, The echo will always be WHAT?

At the Peep-Hole in the Olathe Register: Thrice blessed is the good citizen who finds his auto with a less fortunate neighbor. The privilege of congregation will now rise and sing: "From Greenland's icy mountains, the king of colds with a belt about a foot wide thinks he's dressed up when he gets on a rubber collar and a hairy vest."

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ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Revenge.
"Twas long ago she won my heart,
And swore to me she'd never part.
When she gave me her maiden kiss,
I tell you, fellows, it was bliss.

I had a friend, his name was Jim;
To him she somehow took a whim.
I don't know how it came about,
But Jim, he sort of cut me out.

She was a full-blown peach, all right;
In her beauty bright.
But I got my revenge on Jim;
You see, she up and married him.

"Old Jim," they call him in our town;
He hangs around and wears a frown.
His shoulders they are bent with toil,
And he's as sore as any boy.

She's interested in new thought,
And doesn't know the things she ought.
She lives three miles to do her work,
But Jim has not a chance to shrink.

Jim had the laugh on me, all right;
When he copied out my beauty bright.
That was in the dim distant past;
He chuckles best who chuckles last.

Pity the Poor Microbe.
It is announced that the University of California has received a donation of \$11,000,000 from which money is to be used in research work among the microbes. It may seem to the lay mind that nearly all of the possible microbes have been discovered already, but this is a common error. The scientists have never yet failed to come to the front with new ones—there seemed to be a demand for one. They began discovering them in large and diversified quantities about ten years ago and have been hard at it ever since.

One of the first was the drinking cup microbe, but closely following this came the dollar-bill microbe, the door-handle microbe, the telephone microbe, the roller-towel microbe, the hand-shake microbe, the kiss microbe and enough others to fill seven columns of a newspaper printed in agate type.

It is sometimes a question how the forefathers worried along and did everything that they should not do and defied all these germs. With but very few advantages they lived to a ripe old age and the microbes were all about them as thick as mosquitoes in a New Jersey coast village. But now that the work of discovery has secured such a grand start, it is as though it should be pushed to a finish, if there is a finish.

The Retort Discourteous.
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A SMILE ALONG THE WAY.

Have you got a heap of troubles.
Are you feeling mighty blue?
Guess you'd better look around you—
Lots of folks worse off than you.
Not so many feel like singing,
When the skies are dark and gray,
Line of weary folks would bless you
If you'd smile along the way.

Sighing's never going to help you.
Get the thing you're looking for.
Only when you're smiling does it
Only makes your heart feel sore.
Better make a bit of sunshine,
Only to make folks feel gay,
And the angels will be near you,
If you smile along the way.

Christine Kerr Davis in "The People's Home Journal" for August.

EVENING STORY

A Fight for Happiness.
(By Susan E. Clagett.)

Tom Marshall knocked the ashes from his pipe and dropped it into his pocket before answering the question of his friend, then he said deliberately: "I had nothing to offer, Jack. Naturally, under those circumstances I did not ask her."

"What fools you conscientious men make of yourselves," the other said irritably. "Did it never occur to you that you owed something to her, after such a summer? Why, man alive, you were always together. If you were not riding you were rowing or walking or even on the beach. If she had been like the rest of the crowd it would have made no difference, but there are girls and girls, and Sarah Norris is one by herself."

"There was a note in his voice which made Marshall look at him with thoughtful eyes.

"You too, eh?"
"Why not?" She refused me long ago. I took it pretty hard at the time. Then Kate came into my life. She knows and doesn't mind and Sarah and I are the best of friends. Because I know her so well, know how abhorrent to her is this dallying over the most sacred thing that can come into the lives of men and women, I am disgusted at the stand you have taken. Her money should make no difference, but it would seem you put it and your pride before her happiness and your own."

"Her happiness? I never thought she cared."
"What an ass you are! Did you expect her to proclaim her feelings for your benefit?"
"No. I never thought she cared," he repeated slowly.

His friend looked at him in exasperation. "How old are you, Tom? One would think you had spent your life in the backwoods and knew nothing of women."

"I know very little. You forget the life of an engineer is not spent in drawing rooms. Last summer was my first summer in college. It was also the first time in years I was talked with a woman of refinement. Building bridges and railroads are not in touch with dainty womanliness. But I had seen her. She came to Alaska with quite a large retinue, and when she was in the Copper River & Northwestern railway. A very gay party from all I heard. I was never so happy as when I met her. I never forgot her. When we met in Maine I thought my chance for happiness had come. Then I heard she was married."

"Well?"
"What is the use of talking about it? I'm not in it. I am making it my business to keep as far away as possible. I suppose in time I will forget. After all, old Father Time is the best of us. He will take care of every energy is needed to carry through such an undertaking as we have on hand there is little opportunity to indulge in romantic notions. I am so weary I drop into a dead sleep as soon as I touch the bed. In daylight there is no chance for thought."

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